

PIERRE CHRONICLES

City of Pierre

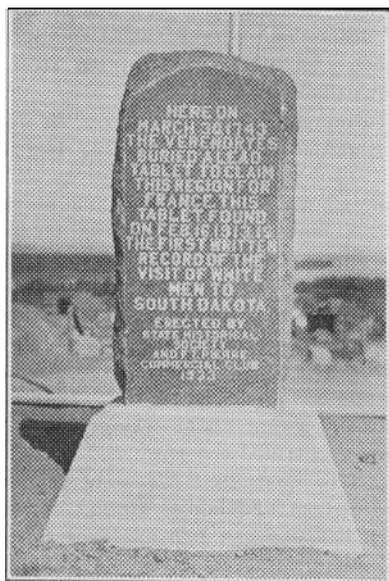
History: Long before Pierre was settled, the site was a playground and battleground for Indian tribes. First the Arikaras, or Rees, camped near the river and around the present site of the State Capitol. Then when the Sioux tribes invaded the region, driving out their predecessors, the location was again popular. Skeletons of Indians, together with remains of pottery, implements and arrowheads, have been found within the city limits.

The grounds of the Government Industrial School for Indians, bordering the city limits to the S. E., has yielded many relics and skeletons which are on display in the museum of the State Hist. Society.



Mary B. Giddings
Verendryes Planting Plate in 1743

As early as 1743 the Verendrye expedition looked down upon the present site of Pierre from the hill above Ft. Pierre on which they planted the famous Verendrye plate. (East wing, museum of State Hist. Soc.) The Lewis and Clark expedition passed by in 1804, stopping across the Missouri River. In 1811 Manuel Lisa, Spanish fur trader, visited in the region; whether he actually camped on the site of Pierre is controversial.



Erected by Historical Society and Ft. Pierre Commercial Club, 1933

Indians: Although families having Indian blood are few within Pierre, a group of Sioux families live the year around in tents and improvised shacks near the Indian school (Lewis and Clark trail, S. D. 34, extending S. E. from Capitol). These Indian families have children in the school and wish to be near them. Lines of "jerked meat" near the tents may be seen from the highway.

There are 260 boys and girls in the "School for the Sioux," many of whom are breeds. Strange cases of hybridizations may be seen there as occasionally red haired and nearly blonde Indian youths will be found in attendance.

Early Settlement: The original site of the city of Pierre was once the squatter's right claim of Joseph Kirley who, with Napoleon Duchneau, operated a ferry to carry wagon trains across the river from 1878 to 1880. A double-barrelled shotgun and \$1,500 offered by the Chicago, Northwestern R. R. was received by Kirley for his claim along the river in 1880. The Kirley family, now living near the Cheyenne

River in Stanley county, still have the breech loading gun. It is in good condition.

To J. D. Hilger may go the honor of naming Pierre. In the spring of 1880 Hilger, a resident of Bismarck, N. D., drove by team to Fort Pierre, already a bustling town on the west side of the river. He had his lumber and household goods shipped by boat, billed "Pierre on the east side of the river opposite Ft. Pierre."

The lumber shipped by the J. D. and Anson Hilger brothers, was used to build the first frame house on what is now Highland avenue. In addition to the frame house there were sod huts and a log cabin. The Hilger residence was used as a clothing store, postoffice, church and saloon at various times.

On the level bottom land near the river the town grew (Missouri avenue. The low frame house behind the City Hall is an original building.)

Among the "firsts" were Hilger's clothing store, J. E. Carpenter's grocery store, M. P. Kinkaid's bank, the Albright and West lumber yard, C. W. Richardson's drug store and a saloon. Two newspapers were also established in 1880, the Signal and the Dakota Journal. There was no postoffice for C. J. Haines, first commissioned postmaster, so he used a house on wheels, drawn by oxen. Three hotels, the Pierre House, Stebbins and Northwestern, were built to accommodate the settlers, wagon train crews and adventurers.

With varied rumors flying about where the railroad bridge would be built, land promoters divided the new city. W. S. Wells, a promoter, sold lots in what is now East Pierre (east of the Capitol.) A newspaper, hotel, business district and homes sprung up in East Pierre, opening a strong rivalry between the two adjacent towns. The Park Hotel (which is now the old hospital building on Dakota ave.) was a compromise between the two young towns.

On Nov. 4, 1880 the first train (C & N. W. R. R.) reached Pierre, bringing more homesteaders. Becoming the most westerly railroad point in the region, Pierre was the center of freighting and passenger activity. Passengers and freight headed for the Black Hills were transported on ferry boats across the turbulent Missouri from where four-horse coaches and long oxen-drawn wagon trains stated daily trips to the Black Hills.

Folklore: Pierre in 1880 was the mecca for bull whackers, soldiers, gamblers, prospectors, ranchers and settlers. To this frontier town came such infamous characters as Calamity Jane, Nigger Nell and Arkansas.

Arkansas, a desperado, twice claimed the spotlight in Pierre's colorful history. The bewhiskered cardsharp and gun toter caused considerable trouble to law abiding citizens in the early '80's. He was run out of town by the Vigilantes, a volunteer law and order body, but returned with the announced intention of killing the leader of the Vigilantes. Arkansas, after being chased by armed men out of a saloon, hid in the brush near another saloon, waiting his chance for a good shot. But before his chance came a bullet from a Vigilante's gun killed him. After

the shooting, members of the self-elected posse took up a collection, bought Arkansas a black suit and made a wooden coffin. Not until workmen were excavating the basement for the present Capitol building was Arkansas more than legend. At that time (1904) an unearthed skull was identified as that of Arkansas and now reposes in the museum of the State Hist. Soc.

Another episode of citizens taking the law into their own hands was enacted in 1885 when Jas. H. Bell was lynched from a flagpole in the courthouse yard. Bell a Harrold attorney who was being held in the county jail for the murder of Forest Small, a rival lawyer, was taken from his cell by an estimated 40 men. His cries for help were fruitless and the men calmly hanged him from a ladder leaned against the flagpole. To expedite the strangulation some of the men pulled on Bell's arms.

A yarn of how Whiskey Gulch, the wooded ravine north of the railroad bridge which crosses the river, derived its name has passed down through the years. When J. D. and Anson Hilger landed their cargo on the unsettled river bank they immediately set out to look for a claim on which to take squatter's rights. Ten-year-old Edward Hilger was left to guard the household goods in a gulch. The elder Hilgers met Napoleon Duchneau, N. Hathaway, Joseph Kirley and Hank Lafferty who directed them to a prospective location. Upon returning to their base of supplies, the Hilgers discovered that Duchneau, Hathaway and Dutch Mike had visited them during their absence, sampling a three-gallon keg of whiskey. The sample called for more and with a gallon apiece, the trio staged a jamboree in the gulch which became pungently named. A "jungle" in which tramps and transients cook and sleep under the stars is now located in the gulch,

Ever since the first frontiersmen came into the region, wearing boots to protect them from rattlesnakes and the elements, boots and breeches have been commonly worn by persons whose business or pleasure takes them into the surrounding hills. Otherwise, except for a few Indians and cowboys, the manner of dress is the same as that of any Eastern city.

Development: Following the eventful year of 1880 and spring of '81 in which the new town was cut off from the rest of the world from mid-December to late April by heavy snow and resultant floods, the town developed rapidly.-Federal Writer's Project, Pierre.

Old Auditorium Talks

By Cyril Van Hise, Jan. 8, 1936

I guess I was created just to be tramped in, for I have stood for nearly thirty years of tramping and crowding and shoving and surging. I was built back in 1907, wasn't much of a building-quite a bit to folks that lived here then, but wouldn't rate very high now. The up and coming business men of that time (respected old timers to you now)

had taken up a subscription-I don't know much about money, but it was a sizeable amount-seems to me I heard say that Charlie Burke had put in five hundred- but anyway that's the way it happened and these fine fellows built me and turned me over to the city. I remember the building-remember it just as well as if it were yesterday-the carpenters started the floor in the morning-the sun was rising high and the robins a-twittering in the trees and it was a right happy bunch of young fellows that was working on me-Louie Heggund and Frank Smith, and it seems to me that John Biewer was foreman of the job. I recall how Tony Hengel used to come over every day and inspect the job-had two little boys tagging him-think one of them has grown into that ornery Al that's on the city commission, and Ed was about two jumps behind him-don't guess the rest of the bunch had showed up yet.

Well, I was finished in the fall of nineteen seven-all painted and dolled up like Pluster's ash mule, and did the gang put on a house warming for me-my-it sure was a good thing those carpenters had spiked me together good-called it the Gas Belt Exposition-it run big to parades, carnivals, a big stage show inside me, with agricultural exhibits all over the place (crops were plentiful them days)-ask Charlie Anderson about it-there were two or three of these Gas Belt affairs-seems to me they had a big famous band one time-what was it-Sousa-or something like that-I remember they had four dray loads of instruments and Hank Bloom nearly had a runaway when he was carting them up the back way and left his team standing below.

Then there's been soldiers parked inside of me almost since I can remember-last winter, you know, the CCC boys had to spend a few nights on my floors when the river was up-but old Battery "C"-say, I know every foot in that outfit-I can tell Archie Whiteman or Cocky Miller or McPherson the minute they set a foot on my floor-then there's the white collar bunch from the state-house-isn't it Dennison and Deweley, or Duel (I associate that one with a French breakfast party) and good old Skipper Scurr and Dr. Stout and all the gang that used to loaf around inside me and tell stories and smoke-I really liked to house that bunch-I'm American and patriotic clear thru to the last shingle nail.

Then there was them Democratic Rallies and the Republican Rallies -I could see right through those boys-after there were no more jobs they were like everyone else-that old party stuff was all front-right down inside those men and women were plain human beings and good old South Dakota stock at that-I liked 'em but didn't like the talks they made and didn't mean.

I couldn't write this stuff without mentioning one of the very finest things that has ever taken place inside me-course I remember some mighty fine musicals, and exhibits, and one thing and another, but allowing for all that-the McClure Christmas Parties-say, when about five hundred youngsters get inside me at that happy time of the year and start running around and really enjoying themselves waiting for

Santa Claus and Otto Linstad and Mrs. Bronte and a few more good souls to start dishing out the candy bags-well, I can just lay down happy, it was worth the chips.

You know, when you look back- it's been a mighty nice time-I think of the days when they used to heat me with wood and coal stoves-then a nice heating plant about the time Bill Pringle put those heavy timbers in my roof and raised particular thunder with my whole setup-and then a couple of years ago when his Honor (the best mayor that ever drew a breath) got me all fitted out with an oil burner that doesn't need any dinner bell or anything else-you can just sit down and close your doors and rest in peace-yes, but then that's all right, but just when I was beginning to enjoy it all-I'VE BEEN CONDEMNED!

That trial-those heart-rending court scenes when Ken Scurr fired the whole Legion post to get busy and help him condemn me-me, the Pierre Auditorium-who has set back here and served and served and served until I'm blistered and cracked and weak and wobbly-but still serving, Mind You!-condemned to die-I can see that city commission-my jury-passing on my case-Godfrey Roberts, the dirty pup, saying "Gentlemen, it's time that old building was wrecked and a modern structure erected that will be a credit to the city of Pierre" (and under his breath, "and the city commission")-and Ran Bagby waking up long enough to say, "I'm for it!"-and Step Stephens bellowing out a last admonition to the jury before it passed, without deliberation, the sentence that condemns me to the last resting place of all old buildings.

But there's just one thing-buildings is queer things, and you've heard a lot about this reincarnation stuff-reincarnated, yet, I'll come back-back perfected, strong, clean, supple, with my beams rivited, my seams tight, my walls solid, my floors glistening like polished billiard balls, and I'll serve you again and again and again. And the time will come when you'll condemn (not you, but your boys and gals) my successor and he'll be rebuilt again and he'll serve in my stead and partly because of me-it works out like a chain letter was supposed to, only it works. I'm glad to quit for a worthy successor, and you'll be proud of him and I hope you'll sometimes think of me.

Now, Friday night the firemen are having their annual dance inside me-they've been holding dances every year with me for the last twenty-eight or nine years, and every one has been a humdinger except that time way back when the blacksmith shop caught fire about the time the dance was half over and there wasn't anyone left in the hall excepting a man who'd lost a crutch-and they didn't even come back to shut me up that night. But getting back to what I was saying, Friday night the firemen are going to hold their fifty-fifth annual ball and from what they tell me it's going to be the last dance or public gathering of any kind that's held inside of me-I wish you folks-I'm speaking especially to the oldtimers, would come down-even if it's just for a little while, and take

a last look at me-in a few weeks I'll be torn down and wrecked to give way for a youngster, a modernist-the one I'll be part of-and I do so want you to remember my last party. Good-bye folks-I've liked so well to serve you.



Photograph by The Miller Studio
Pierre \$45,000 Auditorium, Built in 1936

Capitol Guide Tells Of Past Experiences

Showing visitors about the state house in Pierre is a far cry from chasing Indians across the prairie, but that's exactly the case of Gen. F. Burke O'Brien, 89 years old, once prominent in South Dakota and Minnesota political circles.

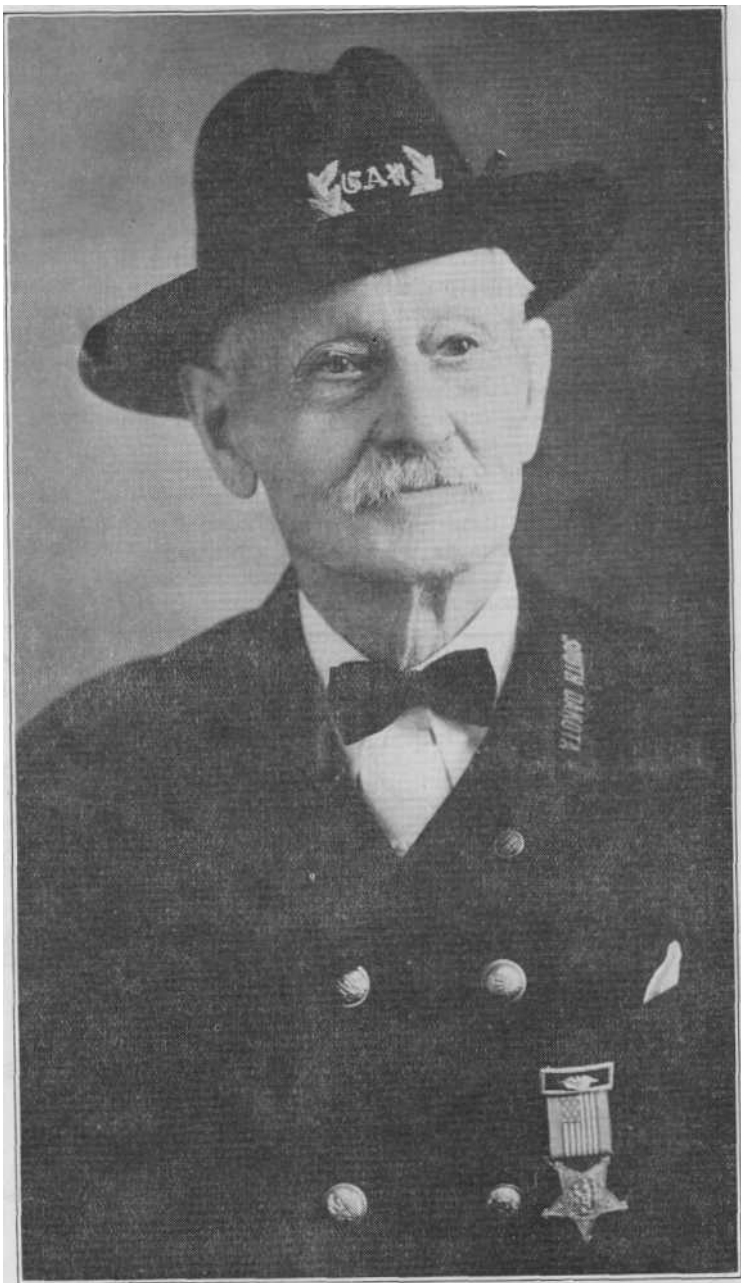
To walk into the lower corridor of the state's capitol and have some one tell you that the mild-mannered gentleman who guides you about the building is approaching the four score and ten mark would sound something like gross exaggeration.

Steeped in the hard school of experience, O'Brien is a typical example of a self-made man, his staunch Scotch-Irish heritage standing him in good stead. With only three years of schooling to his credit, he rose to success, climaxed when elected councilman in Minneapolis.

But the span of some 90 years is crammed with many other events. To begin with, he left home without his parents' consent at the age of 16 and joined General Sibley on a long trip in pursuit of Indians, starting at Fort Ridgley, Minn., and ending at Bismarck, N. D., after covering some 1,200 miles on foot.

It was near Bismarck that he first saw a person die. An Indian had been dropped from his horse, a gunshot wound leaving him at the mercy of his enemy. While still alive white soldiers scalped the helpless brave, though no word of agony was breathed from his stoic lips. The spectacle never left O'Brien's memory and today he can recall the incident as though it were yesterday.

That was in 1863. The next year he enlisted in the Union army and served under Gen. A. J. Smith. Through the muck and mire of fetid Tennessee swamps he followed the colors, fighting side by side with hard, seasoned veterans. Surviving five battles, including the battle of



Gen. F. Burke O'Brien

Nashville, he stayed during the remainder of the war and was in Alabama when General Lee surrendered.

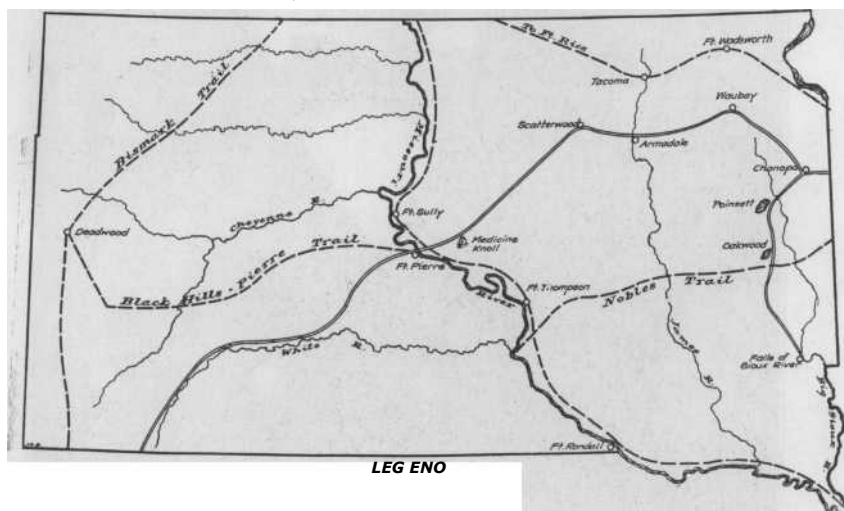
The title of general was given him in 1933 when he was elected commander of the G. A. R. of South Dakota. He is the only living Civil War veteran in Hughes county and one of the less than 40 in the state.

O'Brien shook hands with Abraham Lincoln in 1864 and that year he voted for him when he was seeking the presidency for the second term. Besides voting for Lincoln he has voted for 17 other presidents, doubtless a record that stands unchallenged by any one living today.

Coming to South Dakota in 1905, he worked for the Homestake Mining Company. His popularity grew and he was elected to the legislature from Lawrence county in 1909. He has lived in Pierre since 1920 and has served in several capacities. He was a member of the bonus board, worked as mail clerk at the state house, helped in the treasurer's office and in the cigarette tax department.

Numbered among O'Brien's acquaintances are persons from every walk in life. Once he met the governor of Siberia.

Upon first seeing O'Brien, strangers unfailingly guess his age at "about 70," and after talking with him his keenness of wit and memory for details make them think they have guessed too high. An enviable record of clean living, coupled with a background of life in the West, have given him the stamina to attain the age that most men never reach.-From Daily Dakotan, June 4, 1936.



Freighting In The 80's

Mason Martin, one of the original settlers living here when the town was but a scattering of log houses and when firearms and whiskey were considered articles of trade, came to South Dakota in 1880.

The year of Martin's advent into Dakota territory is recalled by two events: the coldest, most prolonged siege of winter the state has experienced and the building of the Chicago and Northwestern railway into Dakota as far as Pierre.

In December of that year Martin set out for Deadwood with a load of freight, his chief cargo being about two tons of kerosene. Reaching the Cheyenne river he was informed that the merchant for whom he was freighting had offered a \$50 bonus if he arrived in Deadwood with his cargo on a certain day, for the supply of illuminating fuel in the town had been depleted.

When he arrived with the much-needed source of lighting he said he never had a chance to carry his cargo into the store. Residents surrounded his wagon and bought the entire cargo of kerosene at \$2 a gallon.

Martin had left Pierre for Deadwood in December but it was April when he returned. The pioneer railroad fared little better, he said, Pierre not having had a train all winter.-From Fort Pierre Times, February 17, 1937.

Old Tree Gone

The big cottonwood tree trunk that has stood in front of the Hank Hausman home on Coteau street, was all cut away today. This has been dismantled in part for sometime, but today it disappeared. This was a landmark, being a tree growing in front of the one business house that was located where it still stands in 1880. Mr. Hausman conducted a bakery and grocery store there 54 years ago, and this tree was finally taken down, for fear that its age might result in the tree or heavy limbs coming down on his building.-Capital Journal, Dec. 15, 1934.



Photograph by The Miller Studio
St. Mary's Accredited 100 Bed Hospital

St. Mary's Hospital, Pierre, S. Dak.

Early in 1899, Dr. Delorme W. Robinson, Pierre physician, having felt for some time the need of a hospital in Pierre, sent out inquiries to various Catholic Sisterhoods, inviting investigation with a view to open-

ing a hospital in what was then known as the Park Hotel. This building had been vacant for over seven years because of the transfer of the business section from East Pierre to its present location. A representative of the Sisters of St. Joseph of St. Paul came out and looked the situation over but declined the invitation to establish a hospital here. Later in the year a representative of the Benedictine Convent of the Sacred Heart of Yankton looked over the situation and agreed to give the idea a trial. On Friday, Sept. 1st, 1899, five Sisters arrived from Yankton with a combined working capital of \$20. Imagine, if you can, the task of preparing a building, vacant for seven years, so as to be suitable for the care of the sick. At the back door was a large pile of dirt and rubbish and as this was cleared away, cups, plates, pitchers, knives and forks were unearthed. These were scrubbed and sterilized and, together with a bread baking tin, were used in serving the first tray to the first patient, Mrs. Eugene Rich, who entered the hospital the day after the Sisters arrived. Later in the year five other Sisters arrived and gradually, room by room, the building was prepared for occupancy. As the patients began to enter one by one, and surgical and other equipment had to be supplied, Dr. Robinson donated the first operating room table. Sterilizing was done in open vessels and not under pressure as now. On Thanksgiving day, the Sisters invited the public to inspect the hospital. A program was given for the entertainment of the visitors and a lunch was served. On Dec. 8th, 1899, the first Hospital baby was born-the baby was named Mary Woods and is now Mrs. Sheets of Chadron, Nebraska, the mother of several children. On January 16th, 1900, the first operation was performed-an operation for rupture, by Dr. Robinson with Dr. Lavdry now of Aberdeen as assistant. Modern equipment was gradually added as funds were available and many times the citizens of Pierre, because of their faith in the ultimate success of the venture, gave and loaned money to the Sisters and helped them during emergencies. In 1911 a modernly equipped operating room was installed with high pressure sterilizers. It represented the latest in hospital equipment. Soon after the power house was added; modern laundry machinery was installed and the bakery and diet kitchen electrified. An example of the growth of the Hospital is demonstrated in the fact that in 1906, 304 patients were admitted to the hospital; in 1916-722; in 1926-1827 and in 1936-3038.

The need for a new, modern, fire-proof building had long been apparent to the Sisters and the citizens of Pierre and in 1929 a Committee composed of business men of Pierre and Ft. Pierre was appointed and plans laid for the erection of a new St. Mary's Hospital at a completed cost of approximately \$250,000. The contract was signed on Jan. 2nd, 1930; the corner stone was laid on May 18, 1930, and Dedication ceremonies held on Nov. 5th, 1930. The new Hospital is rated as a 100 bed hospital, modern in every detail, is accredited by the American College of Surgeons, assuring patients entering, the same service as an accredited Hospital in the Metropolis of any State in the Union. It is un-

usual, indeed, that the comparatively small city can boast of hospital facilities comparable to those available to citizens of Pierre. St. Mary's Hospital is the medical center for a territory with a radius of 100 to 150 miles from Pierre. Its success is in large measure due to the excellence of its medical staff and the complete cooperation of the people of Pierre and Central South Dakota. But above all, to the untiring devotion through the years of its growth, of the Benedictine Sisters.

-Geo. Kienholz.

Farm Island

Presenting a vastly different appearance than in 1804 when a party of the Lewis and Clark expedition hunted deer and elk there, Farm Island has been developed into an outstanding recreational point of central South Dakota through work done by CCC boys with the cooperation of the United States forestry service.

So named because in early days soldiers and traders of old Fort Pierre used the sandy, three-mile strip for farming puposes ; the island now reflects a combination of the modern and the rustic.

Building Community House

Shelter cabins, boy and girl scout lodges, landscaped roads, picnicking grounds and a new community building, under construction, are among the additions to the land's natural picturesqueness.

Every year girl scouts from surrounding areas gather on Farm island for an extended outing, their lodge and its attendant camping facilities constituting one of the best camps of this nature west of the Mississippi river.

In addition to other uses, the island serves as a nursery ground for tree seedlings that are raised for later distribution in the shelterbelt area. Two million young trees, representing every kind raised in the shelterbelt area, were grown under irrigation last summer. Despite scourges of drouth, grasshoppers and bugs, water supplied by two large pumps enabled the trees to survive. They were recently dug and shipped to Brookings for distribution next spring.

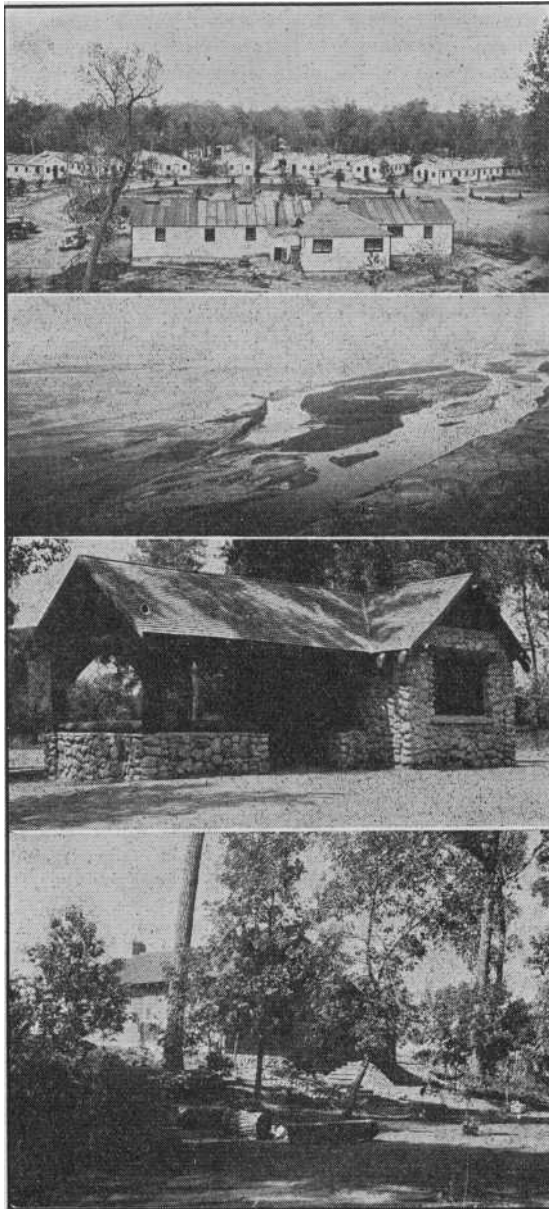
Lake Named After Mayor

First taming a fork of the muddy, turbulent Missouri river in the face of skepticism of engineers, CCC boys joined the mainland to the island by a dam constructed of native materials. The result is a long, quiet stretch of water-Hipple lake, a popular fishing and swimming spot. The lake was named after Mayor John Hipple of Pierre because his energetic promotion of the island's development.

Farm Island's dense stretches of trees and thick underbrush provide an excellent retreat for birds and has been set aside as a game sanctuary.

-Sioux City Journal, 1936:

Farm Island Scenes



1. CCC Camp
2. Airplane View

3. Shelter House
4. Girl Scout Cabin
-From "Guide to Pierre and Vicinity"
-52-

Hilts Grocery in Same Location as When First Opened

A burning desire to live in Pierre despite seeming unsurmountable difficulties has paid Mr. F. E. Hilts his reward and after thirty years in Pierre he points with pride to a business which was built from nothing. The foundation upon which he has constructed his business has been faith in Pierre and the unstinted service to his fellow townsmen and business associates.

The Hilts Grocery was established in 1907, in the building in which it is now located.

Mr. Frank Hilts was born in Spring Valley, Minnesota, in 1878 and moved with his parents to Milbank, South Dakota, in 1881, where his father established a home in the Dakota Territory. Mr. Hilts attended the Milbank city schools graduating from high school there in 1899. During vacations and at odd times he clerked and did other work in various stores in Milbank. In 1900 he enrolled in Brookings college and completed a business course there, graduating in 1901. For several years he was then employed by the Brookings Land company, of which Charlie Goodman was the manager.

Mr. Goodman desired land of a lower price for his customers, than that land in the eastern part of the state, and so came to Pierre and secured quarters with C. H. Anderson, in a building less than a hundred feet from what is now the North Western freight depot track. In 1906, Mr. Hilts came to Pierre to serve as sub-agent for Mr. Goodman. He was employed in this capacity for one year, after which time Mr. Goodman retired from business and went to California. Out of work, with but little money, and hating to leave Pierre, Mr. Hilts rented the room in which the store is now located, and put in a grocery stock, which he obtained from the Albright Company. Bert Garner went into partnership with Mr. Hilts, and in 1907, the Hilts Grocery store was established. In 1908, Mr. Hilts purchased Mr. Garner's partnership, Mr. Garner leaving Pierre then and moving to California, where he since has resided. From that time, The Hilts Grocery occupied the same location, with additional space, up to date.

In June 1908, he was married, and during the following year made proof upon his 160 acres of Stanley County land.

For years he has enjoyed his beautiful home, formerly known as the C. C. Bennett residence, and as a director of the First National Bank, and with his other well known holdings, he is recognized as successful in every sense of the word.

Mr. Hilts attributes his success to the faithful service of those who have worked for him, and to those who are now with him. His employees own their own homes and contribute to the welfare of our city, and have succeeded through the idea that, efficient service, plus a knowledge of the business, brings satisfactory results.

-Marian Holst.

A Half Century in Pierre

Sept. 15, 1930, marked the 50th anniversary of my arrival in Pierre. I had first heard of Pierre, or Mattoe, as it was then called, in the spring of 1880. I secured a job with a surveying party locating the line from Pierre west and was given transportation to the end of the line as then completed. We arrived at the Lone Tree about 8 o'clock P.M. and arranged with one of the teamsters to take us to Pierre. All he had was a lumber wagon and we did not reach Pierre until 3 o'clock A.M. on Sept. 15th, 1880.

We had to pass all the dance halls and saloons going up Missouri Ave., and they were going full blast. Dancing commenced at 9 o'clock P.M. and after each dance the lad would have to chase up to the bar and pay 50 cents for the drinks for him and his partner. As we were raised in a Methodist College town that would not permit even a pool table to operate, it was a decided change to see Pierre with everything wide open.

The next morning we met the prominent citizens of Pierre, stored our trunk and prepared to go out to the surveyor's camp, which we were told was at Lance Creek Holes, about where Hayes now stands. The surveying of the original plat in Pierre at that time had been completed and a number of prospective buyers were on hand waiting for a chance to buy lots, and the general opinion was that Pierre would soon be a city.

Everything was moving fast in Pierre. The Railroad Co. held a sale of lots in Oct. The first regular train reached Pierre on November 4th and there was a rush to get buildings up before winter stopped all work. Three hotels were under way, the Chicago & North Western and the North Western Transportation Co., were building offices and warehouses, and all kinds of business houses were being built. The block from Dakota Ave. to Missouri Ave., on Pierre St., was considered the best location for business and was covered with business houses.

Snow was falling almost *every* day and we heard that the road would probably be blocked. Mr. West went to Ohio to get married and got through on the last train east on December 20th, and we were snowed in until the first train came through on the 8th of May, 1881. After the trains stopped running it became very cold with deep snow and we could not do any work so put in a long and tiresome winter. The saloons and dance halls were in full operation, the saloons had a bar on one side and gambling tables on the other.

During the winter we received a few mails. The stage from Yankton made a few trips and a few mails were brought in from the Black Hills. The railway was completely blocked from Winona west. The Weekly Signal was our only paper but it soon stopped for lack of material. The last edition was printed on straw paper. Our chief amusement was cards.

I was alone at our lumber office but lived very well as we had shipped in some supplies from Winona and Mr. West's relatives, farmers

in Iowa, had sent him a box containing a generous supply of butter, bacon and other things that I appropriated. I had the only kerosene, bacon and butter in town, so was the envy of the poor fellows who did not have anything to grease their griddles.

Sunday, March 27th, the day of the flood, was a fine warm day. I was up about 8 o'clock A.M. and I saw that the ice was moving slowly. I did not stop for breakfast but hurried down to the foot of Pierre St. We could see that the water and ice were over the banks at Ft. Pierre and the people there were very busy carrying their property upon the hills. In a short time the water began backing up Pierre St. and we could see that the ice was piling up in the river. The ice did not break up at Farm Island and the channel on both sides of Rivers Island was completely blocked with huge cakes of ice. I decided that I had better get back to the lumber yard and I made a run for it, but the water beat me to it and when I reached my residence it was up to my knees. I threw everything loose up on the sleeping bunk and then put my efforts to saving lumber as it floated.

M. P. Kinkaid had a small bank on the corner of Coteau St. and Dakota Avenue and had about \$11,000.00 on deposit. He was afraid the building would go, so he secured a small building that he moved up about where the Fitch Block stands and carried his money up there. As night came on he was afraid that the rounders might make a raid on him, so got eleven of his friends to sleep with him and we all bunked on the floor armed for any attack.

I went out to see about getting the lumber back to the yard that I had saved by pushing up on higher ground. I found a fellow known as Scar Faced Joe in charge of it. He informed me that I would have to pay him \$20 a thousand before I could have the lumber. I went up town and the merchants there were having the same trouble. We held a meeting and decided to get rid of the fellows who were making the trouble. We picked up 14 men and one woman, bought a boat and put them in it and started them out on the river and told them not to return to Pierre.

I was appointed clerk of courts in 1881 and Sully and Hyde counties were attached to Hughes for judicial purposes. My first term of court was held in a building on Pierre St., just below the Bijou Theatre, with Judge Edgerton presiding.

Almost from the first Pierre engaged in Townsite, Court House and Capital fights. Six towns were in the first race. Pierre received the largest vote and Huron was second, and the year following we fought it out with Huron and won by a large majority. Mitchell ran later against Pierre but was badly defeated.

I was very much interested in the Indians who were with us on the survey west of the river. The squaws did all the work. They took down the tepees, loaded the wagons and when we arrived at the camp they put up the tents, got the wood and water and prepared supper, while the bucks lay on the ground resting.

During my 50 years in Pierre, I have traveled with every kind of conveyance-the Indians, with our surveying party, had travois-I traveled with bull trains, mule teams, stage coaches, carriages, automobiles and airplanes.

-L. B. Albright's pamphlet on "A Half Century in Pierre" in 1934.

History of Vilas Drugs

Those were wild days when C. W. Richardson opened the Black Hawk Medicine Co., in a little frame building down by the river. Pierre was but a group of rambling shacks, sod huts and a log cabin or two. Saloons and gambling houses lined Missouri Ave., paralleling the river; here bull whackers from the Black Hills, soldiers from nearby Ft. Sully, prospectors, gamblers, bandits and homeseekers congregated, jostling as they toasted one another and not infrequently exchanged hot lead and curses. Here it was that Calamity Jane spent many years; here came "Nigger Nell" and "Arkansas," desperado of the old school.

Pierre, although small, was then as today a most important point in the route between the Black Hills and the "outer world." But a tiny dot in a vast and almost uncharted sea of rolling prairie land, it was the center of freighting activities, before the railroad came in 1881.

The Black Hawk Drug Store was originally located on the east side of lower Pierre St. In 1884 the frame building was destroyed by fire, after which Mr. Richardson rebuilt of brick on the same lot. He conducted the store on that site until the spring of 1909, when the business was purchased by Fred L. Vilas.

Here Mr. Vilas has striven always to provide those who came to him a type of pharmaceutical service which is more than selling-a service that places a well-conducted pharmacy on a plane far above that of a merchandising establishment.

In the days of the steamboat, the stage-coach and the ox train, Pierre was the most westerly rail point in the territory.

Vilas' Downtown Drug Store is of an ethical-although thoroughly modern type. It enjoys a substantial prescription practice and is devoted to supplying drugs, medicines and related merchandise. It is patronized by people from a radius of many miles. It has often been said that if you wish anything a bit out of the ordinary, you will find it at Vilas'.

The Vilas Uptown Drug Store is of the ultra-modern type, featuring a soda fountain and complete luncheonette service. The large fountain at the rear of the store is presided over by three young women carefully trained in fountain dispensing; it is the aim of the management that the service of the Store shall not be excelled anywhere. This Store was purchased by Vilas in 1928. It was completely remodeled and new fixtures, finished in duco enamel, installed throughout. An entire new stock was then placed on the shelves.

Since opening the Vilas Uptown Drug has enjoyed wonderful patronage, not only in fountain specialties but through its many attractive

departments. The convenient location, just a short distance from the state capitol, contributes to its popularity.

During recent years, Mr. Vilas has been aided in the conduct of the Vilas Drug Stores by his son, and, as time passes, Mr. Vilas is depending more and more upon his son to relieve him of some of his business responsibilities.

- "Golden Anniversary", Fred L. Vilas.

Lucas Company Over 50 Years Old in Pierre

In the early days of Pierre, about 1883, the Leet and Knowlton company of Rochester, Minnesota, established a general store in Pierre, which was the foundation for the A. E. Lucas company.

The Leet and Knowlton store was opened in the Karcher building, now occupied by the L & L department store, and a large shipment of stock was sent out from Rochester, Minnesota. J. C. Eager, a relative of Mr. Knowlton came out to take charge, and the business continued in the same building and under the same management until 1903, when Clarence Knowlton came from Rochester to assist Mr. Eager. In 1905, Mr. E. P. Theim came to Pierre from Minnesota, and from that time on was associated with the store. In the same year the dry goods and ready-to-wear departments were moved from the Knowlton store, and established across the street in the north half of what is now the Tony Clothing company, and this new establishment was known as the C. E. Knowlton company.

Mr. Lucas came to Pierre from Oelwein, Iowa, in 1907, where he had been a buyer for Carson Pierie Scott of Chicago, and Mr. Lucas took over the active management of the Knowlton store which became known soon afterwards as the A. E. Lucas company. The business continued in the same location until that building was sold, Mr. Lucas then moving his establishment into the south side of the present location. At that time the building was owned by Dr. Ruble, and the part occupied by the Lucas company had previously been a card and smoke room.

In the north side of the building in which the Lucas store was established J. E. Mallery's store was located. In 1908, Mr. Mallery disposed of this store to a group of people known as the Capital Company. After various vicissitudes these people decided to dispose of their stock and in August, 1914, the A. E. Lucas company took it over. For a couple of years it was operated separately, with Mr. Theim in charge, assisted by Miss Eunice Sammis and Mildred Eager. In 1915, Mr. Lucas decided to consolidate the two stocks, and after an auction the building was re-decorated and archways cut through. By 1923, Mr. Lucas had purchased both buildings. In July, 1924, a beauty parlor was opened upstairs and operated for two years under the management of Miss Lou Fridley.

During the existence of the Lucas store many people have been associated with it, among them, Clara Steiner, Elsie Core, Mrs. Zoa Crawford, Mrs. Lynn Oldaker, Mrs. Dick Purcell, Helen Hayes, Dorothy

Wild, Mrs. Leon Murphy, Minnie Cox, Mrs. Elva Brown, Myrtle Chaussee, Mrs. Meda Griggs, Emma Winckler, Mrs. Ed Hanigan, Lillian Ahlquist, Rose and Loretta Burns, Mrs. Harry Morse, Neva Thayer, Arlie Brimmer, Stella Arneson, Ms. Nola Brown, Mary Davis and Mrs. Hazel Moulton.
Marion Hoist-Capital Journal, 1935.

New Governor's Mansion

LESLIE JENSEN, governor of South Dakota and one of the few Republican governors in the country, soon will move into the new governor's mansion, which was built during the preceding Democratic administration. Finishing touches now are being made on the interior of the building. The 18-room home cost approximately \$26,000. It was planned by resettlement administration architects and built by WPA labor. A bill before the legislature now in session asks \$13,500 of state funds to furnish the dwelling. Features include a large dining room for special occasions, an elevator, and four bath rooms. The latter furnished political ammunition in the fall campaign, Jensen contending that one bathroom would be ample as far as he was concerned. Governor and Mrs. Jensen have two children, a boy 6 years old, and a girl 3. Their home previously has been at Hot Springs.
-Minneapolis Journal, February, 1936.

Congregational Church History

On Aug. 19, 1880, the movement had, through Rev. T. L. Riggs, come to the attention of the American Home Missionary Society of the Congregational Church, and Rev. W. B. Williams of Mondovi, Wis., was commissioned to preach at Ft. Pierre and vicinity. Mr. and Mrs. Williams lived in a little home, on the east side of Coteau St.

Eight persons assembled at this home on the evening of Nov. 28, 1880, and organized themselves into a Congregational Church.

Pierre was full of *hard* characters and the saloons and dance halls were the main attractions. The winter of 1880 was very severe. In a short time after trains quit running the town was out of coal, meat of all kinds, butter and kerosene, but there was a supply of flour and canned goods in the warehouses of Ft. Pierre. Conditions were such that it was almost impossible to get people interested in church matters.

Rev. Williams worked under conditions that were hard to overcome but he started a movement that grew and resulted in the present fine organization.

James A. Ward is the only survivor of the Charter Members of the Church. Mr. and Mrs. Ward were indispensable members of the Congregation.

On Jan. 2, 1881, the first observance of the ordinance of the Lord's Supper was kept in Pierre. On Sept. 11, 1881, when the church was less than 10 months old, it was unanimously voted to build a new church. Rev. Williams, J. A. Ward and Eugene Steere were appointed on the building committee.

The new church edifice was dedicated Sept. 10, 1882. No sooner was the church provided for, and with a debt of \$250 still upon it, than the congregation turned its attention to the erection of a parsonage. Ward and Sawtelle were appointed to solicit funds for it; Clough, McArthur and Norton were to find a location. The preliminary action was taken March 27, 1883, and the building was completed and occupied before winter.

The church plant so provided stood and served the society little changed until 1902 when a severe wind storm passed over the city and seriously injured the property. Its capacity was overcrowded before this and it was thought advisable to make some enlargement in connection with the necessary repairs. Consequently the wing was added to what is now the Highland Ave. end of the church, the pulpit was placed in its present position and the porch was built at that time. There were no further changes until 1907 when Mr. Charles L. Hyde, desiring to secure the church lots for business purposes, offered in exchange the present location of the church and parsonage, and 5,500 dollars. The offer was accepted.

Desiring a more commodious parsonage, the old building was sold for \$1100 and was removed to west Capitol Ave., where it still stands.

The church was moved to the new location at the corner of Highland and Prospect and a full basement placed under it.

Some of the ministers were: William B. Williams, Smith Norton, Henry A. Todd, James Oakey, Charles F. Reed, William A. Lyman, Elmer B. Whitcomb, James E. Ball, Thomas H. Ratcliffe, Benjamin T. Schawb.

Several notable laymen were: Wards, Steeres, Clough-s, Mallerys Hydes, Lockharts and Robinsons.

Always consecrated women bear the great burdens of church work and this church has been blest with *very* many such and is still so blest. Among the departed of these were Mrs. Lester H. Clow, Mrs. Corliss Mead, Mrs. James H. McCoy, Miss Sadie Robinson and many others.

-Golden Jubilee History, 1930.

History of Pierre Indian School

The Pierre Indian School has grown from a small, poorly equipped institution in 1891, to be one of the most modern and best equipped schools in the Indian territory.

We might say that it originated in 1888, for in that year a 20 acre tract of land was given to the U. S. Government by the South Dakota Livestock Association of Pierre, as a site for an Indian Industrial school. Old Indians tell how many moons ago this land formed a part of the bed of the Missouri River. As a farm n conjunction with the school, 160 acres of land about five miles north were purchased.

School opened for actual work on February 5, 1891, with Crosby B. Davis as Superintendent, and five pupils in attendance. These pupils were Arthur C. Bentley, Roy L. Bentley, sons of Lewis Bentley, of Cheyenne Agency; Emma, Olive and Hazel Philip, daughters of James